THE MAN LINCOLN SENT FOR

Strikingly Life-Like Statue of General McClellan Now About Finished.

Encroachment of the National Troops on the Bellamy Colony in California to Protect the Giant Timber Ordered Stopped.

THE M'CLELLAN STATUE.

Graphic Description of the High Character of Sculptor Ellicott's Work.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. Washington, July 25 .- In a large, welllighted studio on Nineteenth street stands a clay model of heroic size of a war charger that is to form part of a handsome and artistically excellent bronze statue of McClellan to be erected in Philadelphia by the McClellan Memorial Society, of that city. The statue, when erected, will stand in front of the City Hall in a commanding site selected by the sculptor, Mr. J. H. Ellicott. At present one other statue, that of Reynolds, by John Rogers, occupies the plaza in front of the City Hall, but it is intended that at least four statues will finally be placed there. Mr. Ellicott, whose model for a statue of McClellan was at once unanimously selected by the committee appointed by the association, is the chief of government modelers attached to the Supervising Architect's office. For thirty years Mr. Ellicott has devoted himself to sculpture, with special attention to the equestrian branch of his art. The fruition of his labor will be found in this statue, which, when completed, will undoubtedly be ranked among the foremost equestrian figures of the country. A cor-respondent recently visited Mr. Ellicott's studio, and for an hour or more watched with deep interest the work of building a clay model for the casting. The model on which Mr. Ellicott is working is mounted on a large platform run on circular rails. so that in a moment the work can be turned for convenience or for better lighting. At one side is the small model on which its selection association based Mr. Ellicott, and this is often consulted by the sculptor in building up the large horse before him. The smaller model is the quintessence of heroic grace and spirit. The clean-limbed charger on which the gallant McClellan is mounted is advancing over a slight rise that elevates the fore part of the body. A brisk breeze flaunts mane and tail in graceful curves, and the perfect nostrils seem to quiver in expectation. One leg is proudly thrown forward, the other slightly raised, as though pawing the ground in impatience. McClellan, with majestic grace, is gazing in the distance, erect and manly in form as in reputation. The entire figure is the personification of spirit, grace and ease. Not an imperfect line is found to mar the natural and life-like horse. All is art in its highest expression, and a study of this little model easily convinces one of the truth of the artist's statement, that he has spent his life among horses, that he knows every line and muscle of the equestrian anatomy and every pose and movement natural to the animal. Small as are the figures in the lesser model, the likeness obtained of McClellan is at once seen to be not only life-like, but artistic. Those that knew the General in life would recognize with a start and thrill of reminiscence the features of the great fighter. There is something in the face more than mere portraiture.

Mr. Ellicott was working busily at a large mass of clay, and continued to do so during a conversation of some length directed to the work in hand and other works completed. Occasionally the huge plat-form would be moved around a short dis-tance to enable the work to be convenienthandled, and, at times, a long ladder was used to reach parts inaccessible otherwise. The framework of the body, tail and head is built up of inch and a half solid iron bars, further supported by two bars reaching from the sides of the horse to the floor of the platform. The legs of the horse, however, for bones, have leaden pipes such as are used by plumbers, thus giving the sculptor the power to change the shape or curve of the legs at any time in order to correct a false line or a too stiff position.

The parts of the clay not worked upon are kept constantly moist by being wrapped in damp cloths and the mass of clay is constantly sprayed with a small garden hose. So far only the horse is in a state of comparative completion, and work has not yet been begun on the figure of McClellan. The exact size of the statue cannot yet be definitely ascertained. The barrel of the horse as it now stands measures 105 inches, and the height to the withers is about the same. The base on which the statue stands rises under the forefeet of the horse, and will At present Mr. Ellicott is traveling through Virginia in the cavalry troop of which he is a member. When he returns he will devote himself again to the work, which will probably be ready for the broaze-molders in a few months. Henry Barnard, of New York, the Chicopee bronze foundry and the Bureau Brothers, of Philadelphia, will all be asked to submit bids for the casting, and some one of these will be selected to mold the work in made by architect Pelz, of this city, and is a handsome and ornate piece of work. On the front face will be a bronze bas relief, depicting the visit of Lincoln to the field of Antietam to ask McClellan to take charge of the Army of the Potomac. Other bronze work on the pedestal will be a graceful grouping of palms, laurel and oak leaves, in garlands gracing each of the four corners. The circular sent out by the McClellan Memorial Society contains the following:

"It is not necessary to mention the merits of McClellan as a citizen, patriot or soldier. His reputation in all of these relations of life is without a superior; his farewell to officers and soldiers of the Army of the Patomag breathes the grandest spirit of soldier, patriot and friend, when it says: 'As an army you have grown up under my care; in you I have never found doubt or coldness; the battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our Nation's history; the glory you have achieved, our mutual perils and fatigues. the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled -the strongest associations which can exist among men-unite us by an indescribable tie. We shall ever be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country."

VICTORY FOR BELLAMYITES.

The Kawesh Colony in California Must Not Be Interfered With by Government Agents. WASHINGTON, July 25 .- Among the acts of the last Congress was one creating the Sequoia National Park in California. One of the purposes of this park is to preserve the magnificent trees that grow to marvelous dimensions within its boundaries. At the time the act was passed a colony of people, known as the Kaweah Co-operative Society, whose mode of operations are modeled after the theories of Edward Be amy, was located within the proposed limits of the park. Some of the colonists had secured patents to sections of land, while others had made entries to lands. On July 1 the government stationed a force of troops on the reservation for the purpose of preventing the further cutting of timber by the colonists, but it appears that the people are not obeying their orders. Captain Dorst, who is in command of the troops, has made a report to the effect that the people in charge of the Axtell sawmill within the reservation have defied the troops and have refused to cease cutting timber. A difference of opinion as to the rights of the patentees exists among the officers of the Interior Department. Commissioner Carter, of the General Land Office, entertains the opinion that the act of Congress was powerless to affect the vested rights of those persons who held patents for lands at the time of the passage of the set, and that the department has no jurisdiction whatever over such patented territory. It is said that Secretary Noble is of the opinion that the act of Congress. which included patented lands within the park limits, carried with it the control by the department of such patented lands, and

graphed the government special agent on the reservation to desist from any interference with colonists who are cutting timber on patented lands until further instructions are received from the depart-

General Notes.

WASHINGTON, July 25 .- The treasury surplus to-day aggregates \$54,394,025, of which amount \$25,099,409 is in depository banks and \$19,423,190 is subsidiary silver. Secretary Foster returned to Washington

to-day from Cape May. Gov. J. V. Aycardi, of Panama, has tendered for exhibition at the world's fair a beautiful piece of carved marble, a bass relief representing the landing of Columbus, which was presented to the state of Panama, nearly ninety years ago, by the Empress Josephine, who at that time gave the colossal bronze statue of Columbus which now stands in Colon, Aspinwall, the city that was named in his honor.

A cablegram was received yesterday from Lieut. George O. Scriven, commissioner of the Chicago exposition to Central America, announcing that the Congress of Guatemala, which is now in session, has appropriated \$100,000 in gold to pay the expenses of its exhibit at the Chicago exposition. and has made an additional appropriation of \$20,000 in gold to pay the cost of erecting a building of the typical architecture in which this exhibit will be displayed.

The Secretary of the Treasury has detailed Surgeon Godfrey, of the Marine Hospital Service, now stationed in New York, as the representative of the Treasury Department at the meeting of the seventh International Congress of Hygiene and Demograpty, in London, during the week

WONDERS OF NATURE.

beginning Aug. 10.

Three Thousand Volcanoes and a Bottomless Black Lake in Lower California.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 25.-The San Diegoian to-day publishes a descriptive account of Col. J. K. Allen, the well-known engineer, of a phenomenon in what is known as the volcanic region of the Cocoapah mountains, situated sixty-five miles southwest of Yuma, in Lower California. Colonel Allen save there are over three thousand active volcanoes there, one-half of which are small cones, ten or twelve feet at the base, the remaining half five to feet at the base, and niteen to twenty-five feet in height. The whole volcanic region is encrusted with sulphur. One peculiar feature of the region is a lake of water jet black, which is a quarter of a mile in length and one-eighth of a mile in width, seemingly bottomless. The water is hot and salty.

DAILY WEATHER BULLETIN.

Local Forecasts. For Indianapolis and Vicinity-For the twenty-four hours ending 8 P. M., July 26-Cool; fair weather; nearly stationary tem-

GENERAL INDICATIONS. WASHINGTON, July 25.-Forecast till 8 P

M. Sunday: For Indiana and Illinois-Generally fair; slightly warmer, except stationary temperature in extreme south portions; northwest winds.

For Ohio-Generally fair; slightly warmer, except stationary temperature in Columbus; northwest winds.

Observations at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 25. Time. | Bar. | Ther. | R. H. | Wind. | Weather. | Pre. 7 A. M. 30.20 61 71 North Cloudy 0.00 7 P. M. 30.08 68 67 Swest Cloudy T. Maximum temperature, 75; minimum tempe-Following is a comparative statement of the temperature and precipitation on July 25:

Normal

General Weather Conditions. SATURDAY, July 25, 8 P. M.

PRESSURE - High barmoetric pressure continued over the country east of the Rocky mountains, the highest, 30,24, in Nebraska; over New England the pressure is less high.

TEMPERATURE-Sixty degrees and below is reported from Lake Superior and northern Michigan; 70° and below from North Dakota, Minnesota, eastern Iowa, northern Missouri, southern Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia and western Pennsylvania northward; 80° and above west of the Rocky mountains from Montana southward, and from Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee south-

PRECIPITATION-Light local rains fell near the upper lakes; in the Mississippi valley from Iowa southward; in Kansas and Indian Territory, from Montana northward and on the Atlantic coast.

Why a Mule Is Stronger than a Horse, Rider and Driver.

The chief reason why a mule can nearly always wear out a horse, when it comes to a trial of endurance, is that the former always lies down to sleep, and the latter, bronze. The pedestal for the statue has been | in a large number of cases, sleeps standing up. The habit seems to have come to horses which have been hurt, especially when in the stable, and they cannot be broken of it. Besides the absence of proper rest and the constant danger of a heavy fall and consequent injury, this habit of standing up to go to sleep results in the giving away of the front knees, and gives the animal a prematurely aged and crippled condition. A walk through any large stable at night will show a number of horses standing up, but tast asleep, and, whether these used three or four legs to stand upon, the knees of the fore legs are all baggy. With a mule, of course, it is quite different for "Jack" lies down the moment he finds work is really over, and a somnambulistic mule is seldom, if ever, met.

Life and Customs in Assyria.

New York Tribuae. Amen Rasi, a handsome Christian Assyrian, who is now lecturing in this country, says that men in his country live on 6 cents a day. Women are sold as slaves to work with oxen at the plow. In Damascus, he says, there are 150,000 Christians, 130,000 Mahometans and 5,000 Jews. There is in it a building haunted by John the Baptist's ghost. The door of the room in which he is said to have been beheaded is never opened. The Mahometans say that once long ago some one opened it, and the Baptist's blood flowed out over the city to a depth of five inches. It was the custom of worshipers to leave their shoes outside the temple. There were sometimes 300 or 400 pairs standing in a row, and the poor people hurried through their prayers first, and then carefully selected the finest footwear in the row, thereby illustrating the great

cleverness of the Assyrians.

On the Carpet, Detroit Free Press. The familar saying, "On the carpat" which the French render "sur le tapis." (on the table cloth) is said to have its origin from the Oriental legend of Solomon's carpet. The Eastern writers say that Solomon had a green silk carpet, on which his throne was placed when he traveled. This carpet was large enough for all his forces to stand upon: the men and women stood on his right hand, and the spirits on his left. When all were arranged in order, Solomon told the wind where he wished to go, and the carpet with all its contents rose in the air and alighted at the spot indicated. In order to screen the party from the sun, the birds of the air with outspread wings formed a canopy over the whole party.

To Say the Least

Kansas City Star A Brooklyn woman's will consisting of ten words is contested by her relatives. presumably upon the ground that the testator was not of "sound mind and disposing memory." It may not be possible to establieh the plea that the exercise of brevity by a woman is an indication of insanity. but it must be admitted that it is distinctly abnormal.

"Big 4" Excursion of July 28

Niagara Falls and Thousand Islands

LIKE A HAGGARD ROMANCE

Remarkable Adventures of a Minerard Guide in the American Tropics.

A Mysterious City Where Robed Men Worshiped and Taught Indians Peculiar Rites-Legend of the People-Strange Inscriptions.

San Francisco Chronicle. Samuel S. Jackson, who has made and lost a dozen fortunes in Mexican mines, is at a down-town hotel. Most of the time he is busy collecting supplies and figuring on a new Guatemalan venture he has on hand, but on Friday evening, in a discussion with some outfitters as to tho best way of getting the goods over the ground, he was led to describe the country, and so, incidentally, he told the story of a wonderful city which he had visited on his initial trip to the mines.

"The first time I started for these old mines," said Jackson, "I had the hardest kind of a time getting a guide who knew the trail. The first man I lit on was a halfbreed named Jose, and he fell hopelssly sick with low fever while we were getting our traps together. After waiting nearly two weeks I was almost ready to trust myself to the villainous-looking rapscallion who dozed about the adobe casita where I

"If it had not been for fear of losing my tools and instruments I believe I would have risked it. But, lucky for me, one night a full-blooded Indian stopped at the casita on his way to the interior. He was totally unlike the Indians of the country or the native Mexicans, and claimed to have come from the forest region about Palerque and to know the country to which I was bound.

I snapped him up like a pure color lead. "After leaving Tonala, on the Pacific, we struck straight for the mountains behind, where Roquero, the Indian, told us he knew of a road. I thought it would be an ordinary trail, but may I never strike another lead if it wasn't an immense high-way, paved and hard, but so overgrown with undergrowth that only portions of it cropped out. Roquero told me we should follow this broad highway until we reached the forests with the cities of the 'robed men,' where the little tribe he came from had gone annually to worship the 'smoke raising.'

"We had worked along this road for twenty days, and I was poking fun at Roquero for what he said of these mysterious, hidden cities, when he cut me short by saying: 'If the Senor will go with me for three days off this road I will prove all I say.' I laughed, of course, and said ail right, and we started. Koquero, though, would not let pack-drivers go with us, but sent them into camp on the road-bed.

FIRST VIEW OF THE CITY. "After working through the densest kind of a torest for something like four days we came to a laguna, and here Roquero left me for some hours. Far over the waters was the other shore, or an island, I could not tell which at the time, but above the palme the gleaming white of high pyramids shot up into the sky, and tall rectangular structures pushed their heads above the foliage. Of course, I was immediately excited. Just as I was beginning to think Roquero had deserted me I heard a paddle, and he

shot around a point in a big dugout. "The lake must have been very broad, for I'm sure it took the Indian at least three hours to paddle over to the island on which we saw the great and wonderful buildings. We landed at a flight of broad white stone steps. At the top of them were two huge twin pillars, one hundred feet apart. They made the gateway of a great street leading directly through the city. Roquero took me up the street. Before me arose edifices whose like I never saw. They were all of hard white stone, of a type both Jewish and Egyptian. We didn't see a soul The Indian, however, told me that the 'robed men' were all at the temples worshiping, and he took me there. "This city be here many long time, Senor,' said the Indian. 'I no can tell how

live here. They teach Indian worship great God and burn animal for smoke-ris-"We turned from the main street and passed before a mammoth structure, its massive grandeur surpassing anything I had ever read of. Roquero led me up the stone steps and between the giant pillars. The building was a collection of courts connected by a succession of steps. The outer court, Roquero said, was for the Indians, another for the women, still a third

long. I think no man tell. Queer men

for the men, and yet another for the priest-hood, where stood the sacred altar of the 'sweet smoke-rising.' "The court of the Indians was deserted. We kept on and entered the worshiping place of the women. Thousands of them were prostrated on the floor, clad in their loose, short-sleeved robes, their close-fitting caps, from which fell long veils profusely ornamented with silver and gold embroidery. At the end of the great court an altar burned, with long-robed priests before it. Only the rising tones of the priests' voices were heard. The smoke of burnt offering

ascended from the altar. CARVINGS AND INSCRIPTIONS. "The pillars about the court were carved on the flat surface with life-sized figures They were unmistakably the figures of ancient Syrians, Egyptians and Ethiopians. We were afraid to move. Roquero had never been out of the lower court-it was contrary to law. There were four entrances to the court. Above those on either side were inscriptions carved in the gray white stone. They were in Hebrew. I knew something of that language and I could

make out the one on the right: "Melchisedee, King of Salem, Priest of the most high God. "On the other entrance I read:

"Without father, without mother, without de "Having neither beginning nor end of life. "The congregation began to stir and Roquero and I went outside and stood on the steps. Not many moments passed before knots of people of both sexes began to appear. The men were long-bearded. On their heads were silk kaffiehs, secured by a cord; their dress was a vest buttoned close to the throat, a long, loose robe with a leather girdle, a richly embroidered jacket, loose trousers of light cloth, more like skirts. On their feet were sandals. "The costumes of the women differed little, except in their headdress, wherein they showed their taste for gorgeons display in

The women were very beautiful. Some of the men crowded about us and spoke to Roquero in his own tongue. The man who appeared to be the leader gave him some very stern commands. "They say no bring you here. They no like it. They kill us if come,' translated

the ornamentation of the veil that fell over their shoulders nearly to the feet.

"They took us down to the dug-out and saw us aboard and away, the leader repeating his stern commands to Roquero. While paddling back over the laguna the Indian told me something of the legend of the people. He said that they had been scattered over the land ages ago, but within the memory of his people they had only been on the island in the laguna. They taught the Indians, as part of their religion, not to make known their existence. The same priest had always been their king; he never

"We got back to the packers all right, and reached the mines after a sweltering time.

A Rat's Nest in a Piano,

Washington Post. Just about dusk the old gentleman was sitting at his parlor window enjoying the breezes from the Potomac. He was of a contemplative disposition, a trait of his German family, but by no means inclined to superstition or to spiritualism. As he pulled at his meerschaum he was startled of a sudden by hearing strange sounds proceeding from the closed piano. It was a very good piano, but had not been used since his daughter had been married, two or three months ago, and as the notes were struck irregularly, but continuously, the old man's wonder changed to awe, and from awe to alarm. But in spite of his age he had nerve, and after recovering from the that the park laws and regulations should be enforced thereon the same as public lands. Pending the settlement of the question, acting Secretary Chandler has tele
Promises to Be Very Large.

Passengers should call at "Big 4" offices and after it was removed from the nest of its hibits every symptom of poisoning. Oh—secure perths in sleeping cars at once. Diagrams of the piano, and out jumped a big rat. foster-parents, it is in fair condition. Young Physician—Prescription, madams further investigation proved that the rat though much smaller than in an ordinary Why, that was an offer of marriage!

had built her nest under the strings, and in her efforts to search for food bad lost her way among the harmonies and had created the discord.

THE RIGHTS OF KINGS. Some of Them Do Not Enjoy the Privileges

of Common Mortals. Cornhill Magazine. The King of Loango is not permitted to go outside his palace. His royal brother of Ibo may not step from his house unless a human sacrifice is offered in his stead to propitiate destiny. The Kings of Ethiopia, on the Upper Nile, were treated as gods, but were never allowed, for all that, to leave their own precincts. If the Kings of Sheba appeared in the streets their scandalized subjects immediately stoned them. To this day the sovereigns of Corea, who receive divine honors, are shut up hermetically in their own apartments and never communicate directly with their people.

In other cases different precautions are taken to prevent the King being seen. At Mandalay palings six feet high were erected in all the streets when the great Thebaw of the moment was likely to pass, and whenever he went abroad in his capital all the people had to stay behind these wooden barriers. The Sultan of Wadai speaks from behind a curtain; the Sultan of Darfur wraps his face in a piece of white muslin. A last relic of these curious isolating customs may be seen in the taboo which prevents many Eastern monarchs from ever quitting their own dominions. Several Indian Princes may not leave India, and it was with great difficulty that the Persians reconciled themselves to the idea of their Shah visiting Europe.

One of the oddest taboos, however, to Western minds at least, is that which forbids the King to have his hair cut, or to pare his nails or otherwise to get rid of any useless part of his sacred body. The Mikado, poor, god descended wretch, was never allowed to cut his hair, or even to wash himself. The Frankish kings wore their locks about their shoulders, because it would have been wicked to touch them with the shears, and endless other instances

could easily be quoted. The reason is, in part, no doubt, that the whole body is divine, and therefore to be respected; but even more, in all probability, because of the evil use that an enemy might make of such hair or nail parings, if they got into his power. For it is a wellknown principle of magic, in all times and places, that if you want to make spells against any one, you ought, if possible, to possess yourself of something that once belonged to him, or, above all, of an actual relic or part of his body. This you can then use as a fetich or charm for the destruction of the person to whom it orig-

inally belonged. For so intimate is the sympathy between all parts of one and the same body that if the pair is burned or hacked about or destroyed the person himself will be destroyed also; if it withers in the ground, he will wither away piecemeal, and if a magician plays any ugly tricks with it, the original owner will be correspondingly affected. This makes it a very delicate question to decide what should be done with the King's hair or nails in case you were to cut them. On the whole, the wisdom of our early ancestors concluded it's safer to keep them on his own head and hands than to run any risks from the malice of magicians. So the edict of society went forth accordingly; the royal locks and the royal fingers are tabooed forever.

IN CASE OF A DOG'S BITE, Pasteur's American Representative Tells

What You Should Do. Dr. Paul Gibier, in Ladies' Home Journal. If you are unfortunate enough to be bitten by a dog waste no time in sending for a physician. But the wound requires instant attention. First, wash it immediately with clean, tepid water. If this is not readily obtainable clean water of any temperature will answer. This will do until a physician arrives. If you should be so situated that a physician cannot attend upon you, then

water, apply, by means, of a glass dropper, a powerful antiseptic. I regard peroxide of hydrogen (medicinal) as the best com-Don't cauterize. In my opinion it is a needlessly painful operation, and is very

After flushing out the wound with clean

seldom accomplished soon enough to pre-vent the hydrophobic infection from taking place. Having applied the antiseptic (peroxide of hydrogen) to the sore, take care not to remove the white foam that will be generated. Let it remain until it disappears, which will occur in a few minutes. This being done, a compress of absorbent cotton, soaked in the peroxide of hydrogen, should

be laid over the sore, with an over-covering of oiled silk. Twice every day the wound should be dressed in the same manner, with the ex-ception that the peroxide of hydrogen, instead of being used full strength, should be diluted, half and half, with clean watertepid or filtered water being preferable. The subsequent treatment depends upon the condition of the dog that inflicted the wound. Don't kill the animal unless it shows evident symptoms of hydrophobia. Have it placed securely in a safe place. If, at the expiration of one week, or not more

than two weeks, it has not shown any abnormal symptoms, the patient need not If, on the contrary, the animal sickens and dies, the patient should be treated by the Pasteur method as quickly as possible. The sooner the better. At the same time, the contents of the dog's stomach and a portion of its spinal marrow, in glycerine, should be sent to the Pasteur Institute, No. 178 West Tenth street, New York city, where experiments may decide whether the

animal died with hydrophobia or not. Should the animal have b otherwise killed, it is advisable that the patient should submit at once to the Pasteur treatment, for two reasons: first, because it is harmless; second, because its efficacy has been proved beyond a doubt, over fifteen thousand persons having been inoculated since Pasteur's discovery. In case the animal remains in good health, it is unnecessary that the patient submit to inoculation.

A BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATION. The Story Which Bishop Kavanaugh Once Told of Tom Marshall.

The late lamented Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Church, who was as ugly as eloquent, and as jolly as good, never tired of telling stories about his distinguished but unfortunate friend, Tom Marshall, of Kentucky. The two men were warm personal friends, notwithstanding the striking antithesis of character and the not less striking difference in personal appearance. Marshall was handsome and commanding. the Bishop was anything but bandsome; he was about as trim as a barrel and graceful as a sack of salt. This explanation is necessary for a proper appreciation of what follows, but when the great divine used to tell the story he would bring out the application by incidentally stroking the wealth of shapelessness that hung to his person like the ill-fitting garments he wore.

One calm June evening the Bishop was disturbed by a noise in the direction of the barn. He groped his way thither and found Marshall in the hay-loft, where he had sought shelter and lodging. Tenderly the son of misfortune was escorted to the best room in the Bishop's house and induced to go to bed in civilized fashion. Between prodigious efforts to get off his clothes, his brain and tongue partially recovered their cunning, and he said;

"Kav. do you know why you and I make a good illustration of Bible history?" The Bishop replied as he would to a questioning child: "No, Tom. Why?"
"Well, said Marshall, reverently and pathetically, "the Saviour was without where to lay his head. That's me. Then in the beginning, the Bible says, the world was without form and void." And surveying critically the Bishop's pudgy stature, he finished with more vehemence than romance: "By the gods, that's you!"

Chicken Reared by Barn Owl.

The boys at a country rectory took from the nest of a white owl two eggs for their collection, and replaced them by two eggs of a barndoor fowl. They had intended to watch the nest closely, but this was pre-vented, and when they did examine it, they found one chicken only. There was nothing to show what had become of the other fowl's egg, nor did it appear that the owl had laid more eggs. The chicken when found was apparently seven days old, and healthy. The boys removed it, and placed it with a brood of chickens with a hen, and, though handicapped by having been confined in a nest while the others had been running about,

case it would have been. It is strange that the owls should have reared it, but, perhaps, still more curious that it should have thriven so well for some seven days on the food which the owls could have provided for it.

REJUVENATED CHESTNUTS.

Stories Whose Age Sometimes Escapes the Attention of Exchange Editors. Lippincott's Magazine.

The exchange editor, with all his virtues, is not infallible; and it is surprising to see how he will sometimes snap up an aged paragraph as though it had seen the light of day only a week before. An edd experience, tending to prove that "there is nothing new under the sun," was that of a wellknown syndicate letter-writer, who discovered, some years ago, in an out-of-the-way place, an explanation of the origin of the term "Uncle Sam." The source of his information was so obscure that he felt almost as though he had originated the explanation himself, and he proceeded to send it out into the world over his signature. It was picked up by the ex-change editors and spread like wildfire all over the country. Probably every newspaper in the United States with a circulation of ten thousand or more printed that article. Some time afterward, looking through the appendix to Webster's Dietionary, the correspondent who had written the article came upon a dissertation upon the origin of "Uncle Sam," exactly like the one which he had appropriated and had thought so "new." He did not enlighten the exchange editors, and, for all I know, they are still placing the article to his credit. Another experience of the same writer was with a story of Chief-justice Marshall. Some public man repeated it to him as new. According to this story, Marshall, who was always a slouchy man, was walking down the street one day, when he was accosted by a stranger, who said to him: "See here, old man, I wish you would carry this chicken down to my house." The Chief-justice gravely took the chicken and walked down the street with it to the house which the man had indicated. When the stranger arrived he offered Mr. Marshall a piece of money, which was accepted and pocketed. It was a long time afterward that the man learned that he had paid the Chief-justice of the United States for carrying his chicken. The writer thought this story a very good one, and he elaborated it in one of his letters. Some time afterward he opened a copy of a well-known first reader, and there, in large type, suitable for the youthful eye, was the story of Chief-justice Marshall and the chicken, told almost exactly as it had been told to him. Yet the exchange editors revelled in that story of Marshall, and it had an extraordinary circulation.

AMELIE RIVES CHANLER.

How Her Literary Talent Was Discovered by Thomas Nelson Page.

And this is how it came about that she published anything. One day her cousin, Thomas Nelson Page, then in the flush of his earliest fame, had called upon her, and, learning of her literary ambitions, had craved permission to examine some of her work. He had done this, of course, with a patronizing if not a condescending air. The brilliant young Virginian whom people were just beginning to talk about, the suc-cessful author of "Mars' Chan," would look over the crude efforts of his kinswoman, would advise with her and tell her, candidly, if it were worth her while to persevere. He had no very sanguine hopes. He knew she was clever. But then, so few people can throw their eleverness into literary form! No doubt he had often been called upon to dampen the ill-founded hopes of many clever young women. What was Mr. Page's surprise—his alarm, indeed —when Cousin Amelie came downstairs with an armful of MSS! There were dramas, poems, short stories and sketches. Mr. Page gingerly took up a poem. It was short, anyway; he could judge samething from that. The first line riveted his attention. He read the poem through, breathless. He was astounded by its merit. "Why, that's very good," he cried. And he passed on to others. They were all good. Some were excellent. Mr. Page grew en-thusiastic. He read on and on. He skimmed through the tragedies, he cast a hasty eye over the stories. "Good heavens," he cried at last, "this girl beats us all. Why, you're a genius." And then he insisted that this brilliant young cousin ought to make herself known, that she should submit some of her sketches for editorial judgment. But Miss Rives hesitated. She was tond of saying: "It is genius to wait." She did not wish to rush into print. She wanted to be sure of her ground and of herself. Other friends united their voices to that of Mr. Page. Finally, she intrusted a manuscript to a wellknown journalist, who passed it over to Mr. Aldrich. The latter knew neither the author's name nor her sex. But he accepted it at once, with the enthusiastic remark:

anything stronger." THE FAULT OF THE STYLES. Sad Experience of Two Young Men Buying Neglige Shirts,

"The man who wrote this will never do

It was all the fault the of prevailing styles. The two young men stepped in front of a counter that was piled up with neglige shirts, carefully folded, and began inspection of them. "There's about what you want, Jim." said one, pointing to a shirt with a pretty blue stripe in it. But Jim shook his head.

"To much blue," he said, "Now, there's one that's something like. How much is "One-seventy," responded the dapper youth behind the counter. "Cheap enough!" said Jim. "I didn't know that you could get one for less than \$3 or

"Oh, yes" returned the clerk. "We have them as low as 60 cents. Will you take this one?" "Sure—at that price." "What size, please?

'Fifteen-and-a-half collar." "Fifteen and a-excuse me. What is the size of the lady's waist! We measure more by that, you know. "Lady?" cried the would-be purchaser. "Do you suppose I'm shopping for women?

want it for myself." "Oh said the clerk, as he took one off the pile and shook it out' showing that it was a belted waist. "Third aisle to your right, ask for Miss Jones. She has charge of men's neglige shirts. I handle only women's neglige waists." Then he went down to the end of the counter and posed, and two men walked meekly away muttering harsh things about women and their waists.

Within a Block of It.

Dallas Morning News. "Can you tell me whether this car passes the Union deepof" asked the timid woman as she climbed wearily up the steps of the Live Oak electric car in front of the postoffice. She addressed her remark in a general way to all the passengers, but seemed to indicate with her eyes the woman in black with the shopping bag and the gold-

rummed eyeglasses.

Union deppo," said the lady in black, gazing severely through those strong glasses. "You can easily see the deppo from the place where you alight." And she drew the strings of her shopping bag tighter, and looked defiantly at the other passengers. "And when you see the daypo," said the pert young woman with the red hat, "you'll be sure to know it by its resemblance to a Western cattle-shed that is somewhat out

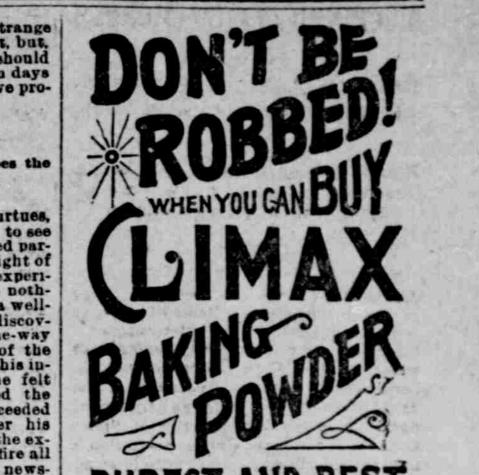
"This car passes within a block of the

of repair. "Tell you what," said the young man in the corner, removing the head of his cane from his mouth for the purpose of making the remark, "this here dippo is a caution, ain't it? Makes people think Dallas is the jumping-off place, don'tchewknew. I had a friend-mighty nice fellow, from Boston —was coming here to locate—hardware business. Came and took one look at the dippo and said he believed he'd go on down and take a look at Hutchins, Couldn't stand the dippo.' And just then the car slowed up, and they

all glared scornfully, one upon another, and cried:

"This is the Union He Was a Bad Writer.

Mrs. Green (to young physician, whom she has called in hastel-Oh, doctor! doctor! I fear you have made a terrible mistake! My daughter had that prescription which you sent her last night filled, and



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